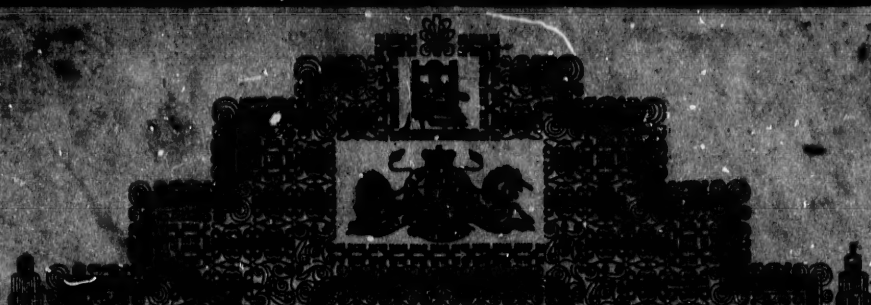

1854

THE CARRIER BOY'S ADDRESS

TO THE PATRONS OF

THE PICTON GAZETTE.

Time! Time! it passes rapidly;
How fast the moments fly,
How very solemn is the thought,
A year's about to die.
And yet how peaceful and how calm,
No groan or cry or shock;
And yet tis' past the hour of twelve
By our old office clock.
But I must think of my address,
To-morrow's New Year's Day,
No, I will watch till '53
(My friend) has passed away.
It makes me sad to lose a friend,
My cheeks with tears are wet—
And for a pocket-handkerchief
I'll use an old *Gazette*.
Twelve strikes, and '53's no more,—
And '54 is here—
So I had better change my tune,
To welcome the good New Year.
Our Politicians change their coats,
Without a pang or sigh,
And if such men forget their friends,
Why so can one like *I*.
In fact this world is nought but change,
Friends meet and pass away—
Love breath'd by friends but yesterday
Is changed to hate to-day.
T. Donnelly, our chief in days of yore,
Is now fulfilling a different mission;
And in his bang-up new cheap store
Has taken, in trade, a famous position.
And here I'll say (but not aloud)
What—perhaps some of you know,
He must have hook'd—not bought—his goods,
He sells so awful low.
So as this world is naught but change
And all have proved it true
And as you all have felt a change
I'd like to feel some too.
What has transpired in '53
Of it I need not speak,
You know it all, at least you should,
I've told you every week.
The names who have figured too,
Them all by name you know;
Gavazzi, Gough, and I myself,
Kossuth and Mrs. Stowe.
You've heard about the war between
The Turkey and the Bear;
If not—I'll tell you how it is,
And you tell if its fair.
The Emperor of Russia is
A mortal wicked sinner,
He tried to rob a roost, and steal
A Turkey, for his dinner,
But the old bird was wide awake)
He got his fingers bit—
And now he's gone to war he finds
The fine old Turkey's grit.
But I must stop—long live our Queen.
In health, wealth, peace and joy,
You all will cry amen to that
With me, the CARRIER BOY.
And now I wish you, every one
Good times, good Friends, good cheer,
Good health; and all and every one
A happy good New Year.

To the Ladies.

To you I know not what to say,
So for you I shall have to pray,
So listen to my prayer.

May ever you be blithe and gay
As happy as you seem to day,
And ever look as fair.

May many roses your path be strewn,
While passing through this world of gloom
And may your love prove true.

May all your Friends be friends indeed,
But friends, I hope you'll never need,
For friends in need are few.

PICTON, 1st JANUARY,

ANNO DOMINI MDCCCLIV.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

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